Jack and The Bean Stalk

Pantomime

By

Henry Egerton

1863-4

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THEATRE ROYAL,

DUNLOP STREET, GLASGOW.

Lessee.....Mrs EDMUND GLOVER.
Manager.....Mr CHAS. G. HOUGHTON.

GREAT CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

JACK & THE BEAN-STALK;

OR

THE GOOD LITTLE PEOPLE OF PIXIE'S GROTTO AND THE FAIRY OF THE MAGIC HARP.

The new and beautiful Scenery, designed and painted by Mr Wm. GLOVER, assisted by Mr John Connor, jun., and Mr F. C. Fisher.
The Complicated and Extensive Machinery by Mr Drummond.
The Dresses and Decorations, by Mr Guy and Assistants.
The brilliant Appointments, Banners, &c., by Mr Bromley.
Grotesque Masks, Animals, and General Ornaments by Fædias Mak'Fiz, Esq.
The Ballet and picturesque Groupings invented and arranged by Miss Meriton.
Ladies' rich Costumes under the careful supervision of Mrs Edmund Glover.
Business of the Harlequinade invented and arranged by Mr Nicolo Deulin.
The Music composed expressly for the ocasion by Mr M. W. Foster.

The Libretto of the opening penned, perverted, and produced by

MR HENRY EGERTON.

CHARACTERS IN THE OPENING.

The Fairy Freedom, Queen of the "Good Little People," by Miss Wilmot.
Crystalline, a flighty fay, by Miss Lizzie Wood.
Peasblossom, Belladonna, Hyacinth, Thistledown, Rosebloom, Heliotrope, Jonquil and Gossamer, her principal ministresses, by Miss Wood, Miss Wheatleigh, Miss Clarke, Miss Marshall, Miss Goodwin, Miss Taylor. Miss Darnley, and Miss Watton.
The Sylvan Fays, by the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.
The Elfin Gardeners, or "Tricksy Pixies,"—Masters Phunnikoce, Kweerhi, Rumfiz, Konki, Hugglemugge, Lytelmuph, &c., &c.
The Army of Fairy Zouaves, by Children from four years of age upwards.
King Tyranny, by Mr Kendal. Oppression, by Mr Beveridge.
The Dogs of War, by Masters Bellino and Dhew Lappe.
A Vulture, by Master Karrhion Krowe. Mother Goose, by Mr Hamblin.
Great Gringriffenhoofenhausen, a giant, by Mr Terr Riffic.
Petsywetsy, his baby boy, Master Pobbes. Dame Durden, by Mr R. Lloyd.
Jack, her adopted son, by Miss Henrietta Watson.
Joe, Will, Dick, Humphrey with the flail, the Dame's serving-men, by Messrs Harding, MacKechnie, Turvey.
Moll, Bet, Doll, Kit, Dorothy Draggletail, her five serving maids, by Miss Deulin, Miss Bucher, Miss Dixon, Miss Allan, Mr Elliot.
Pettifog, a village lawyer, by Mr C. Bland.
Koller and Nayl'em, two bailiffs, - - by Messrs Matthews and Stanton.
Colley, Dame Durden's calf, by Mr Bull Lock.
Bright Chanticleer, a peckuliar fowl, by Master Fessunt.
Kokalorum, King of Hennyware, a fowl tyrant, - - by Mr Lloyd.
Princess Prettypet, his one fair daughter and no more, by Miss Rollason.

PRINTED BY WM. GILCHRIST, 64 HOWARD STREET:
1863-4.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

SCENE I.—TIN MINE OF THE DEMON TYRANNY.

Various Forges discovered on Stage—Imps, &c., in picturesque attitudes of slumber—all start into activity as the music changes to the quick part of the Anvil Chorus in "Trovatore." Oppression is seated holding in a leash two dogs of war—Vulture by his side, knout in his hand, chains lying around him.

CHORUS.

Work on! work, my boys! the chains of freedom forging,
Here, like Ferguson, she'll find she has no lodging.
Work on! work on! work on!
Now don't be lazy.
Our prospect's hazy,
Our prospect's hazy!

[Three knocks. Mother Goose rises.]

MOTHER GOOSE. How's this, Oppression? Why am I kept rapping? [*Sees Tyranny.*]
What do I see? King Tyranny caught napping.

OPPRESSION. Just as you say, too oft the case of late,
Whilst thus he sleeps, he little dreams the fate
Of Tyranny is sealed; and wretched I
Am forced from half-a-dozen homes to fly.
His slumber deep has filled my bitter cup—

M. GOOSE. Just wait a minute—I must wake him up.

[Beckons Imp with large hammer. Music. Tyranny gets two knocks on the head from one of the hammers—he opens his eyes—scatters the Imps.]

TYRANNY. What!
M. GOOSE. Nay!
TYRANNY. Eh?
M. GOOSE. Pray!
TYRANNY. Away! Good day!

M. GOOSE. Fast as my broom could fly I hither came,
In hopes, great Tyranny, your aid to claim.
Your mighty throne was threatened but erewhile,
And many a despot had forgot to smile.
There's news for you, to wake your hopes once more—
No need to fear the British Lion's roar—
A home for you in Freedom's once loved clime
Awaits your beck. Arouse you! now's your time;
For in the west Oppression's vulture claws
Are at her throat. They say old Abe, run daft,
Compels the folk to take his threatened draft.
The poor Pole perishes: the while from shore to shore
The name of Tyranny is bandied o'er.

TYRANNY. We thank you much for bringing us this news,
Nor need you fear our aid we will refuse.
What is your will? To whom would you bring shame?
In other words, ma'am, what's your little game?
M. GOOSE. Listen! *One hundred years* it is, this very day,
Since I stood *sentry* in my own door-way;
'Twas then my will to cross a certain fairy,
A nasty, pretty, witty, wily, wary
Dame, called Freedom, dwelling here hard-bye, in Pixies' Grotto;
A wager made in trial of our skill;
Hers was for good—of course mine for ill;
The end the same—to prove the faith of man.
She said that virtue—I that vice most ran
In human hearts. In quarrel words ran high,
When foolish I must in a passion fly.
My crooked stick broke, in which lay all my power,
And I became her victim from that hour.
For insult, which she vowed I ventured then,
She cruelly transformed me to a Hen—
A Black Hen!
OPPRESSION. Heavy *burden*!
TYRANNY. Eh! You spoke.
OPPRESSION. [*Shakes his head.*]
TYRANNY. I trust you didn't mean that for a joke—
[*To Mother Goose*]—A black joke! [*Oppression laughs.*]
I mean a black hen.—Um! Aye! So——?
M. GOOSE. Thus to remain two hundred years, with this proviso,
A day between the centuries was given freely,
Provided in it I behaved genteely,
And passed the time in virtue and humility—
(A thing without the pale of possibility).
No more I need my feathered form resume,
I have no virtue, and I wont assume.
TYRANNY. Such conduct, sister, really is too bad.
M. GOOSE. Aren't it enough to drive a party mad?
TYRANNY. My aid is yours; and since revenge you ask,
To spite the fairy Freedom be my task.
You know young Jack, who dwells with Old Dame Durden—
The Dame herself looks on him as a burden—
Him I detest! de test of it be this—
The fairies' pet, as my delight he is—
Thro' him we punish her. This tete-a-tete
Shall prove the crisis of this dear boy's fate.
The plan is fiendish, and I like it——which,
I am a demon! I'll behave as sich!

DUET—"Ship's Carpenter."

TYRANNY.

Our project miscarry shan't, if I have may way,
For down on his tibbey we'll certainly be.

M. GOOSE.

Before this young lady can Jack Robinson say—
With her protègè she'll discover it to be all U. P.

BOTH.

'Twill soon be a case with this mutinous fay,
And she'll find that there is the old—what's his name to pay.

DUET—We'll this little noodle diddle—
Chip, chop, chow, choorial I day.
Yes, this little doodle diddleitill.
Chop, chow, choorial I day.

[Air changes to "Who's dat Knockin'."]

So shortly on earth, you shall see what you shall see,
For I'm off to town on a little bit of spree;
Between you and I, who can chizzle Old Scratch,
It'll rather be a wonder if we don't match.

[Three Knocks.]

Who's dat knockin' at de door? [*Two knocks.*]
Who's dat knockin' at de door? [*Two knocks.*]
Old Scratch! Dat you below?

FREEDOM [Outside].

No! the Fairy Queen, old fellow.

TYRANNY.

Then you're too good-lookin',
And you can't come in,
So it's no use knockin' at de door—
And it's no use knockin' at de door any more,
It's no use knockin' at de door.

[The Imps all echo the chorus, jumping wildly about; when the music changes, and the light of Liberty comes from an opening. Fairy Freedom advances, and looks Mother Goose down.]

M. GOOSE. She here! No—Yes! My brain is surely addled. 'Tis she indeed. 'Tis time this coon skedaddled.

[Music. She vanishes.]

FREEDOM. That you're no conjurers, I think you'll say—
To think your door could bar out Freedom's ray.

TYRANNY. Oppression! Where's your chain? Her glance to powder grinds me.

[Oppression goes to bind Freedom, the chains fly from his hands—he sets the hounds on her, they vanish—he next sets the vulture on her, which flies away from her—he himself advances to lash her with the knout, it flies from his hand—he falls through stage.]

FREEDOM. Quite a mistake. The chain's not forged that binds me.

TYRANNY. 'Tis sown—'tis grown—'tis hackled!—twisted——

FREEDOM. Cease!

TYRANNY. Beg pardon; I forgot, that's in the other piece.

FREEDOM. I overheard your plans, and come to brave them;
And for your victims I intend to save them.
But as I've seen your home here, down below,
To see mine now, old fellow, let us go—
You'll find it snug—hard bye in Pixies' Grotto.

TYRANNY. Grotto! To grott'her I should like—'od rot her—'Scuse me. [*Going.*]

FREEDOM. [*Coaxingly*] Come, now; what have you to fear?

TYRANNY. Not if I'm aware of it.

FREEDOM. Then I'll bring it here. [*Threatening.*]

AIR—"Fly not Yet."

FREEDOM. Let's fly and spend but half an hour,
I'll show you through my lovely bower,
So sweet and light, it looks so bright,
Your heart it must fill with delight,
To chase away this gloom.

TYRANNY. Excuse me, pray; I must say nay.
If in her power I longer stay,
I'll wish you, ma'am, a very good day
For all the afternoon.

FREEDOM. Nay! nay! Pray stay!
'Twould fill your heart so with delight—
Now don't a lib'ral offer slight,
And thus my feelings wound.

TYRANNY. I say still nay!
I feel I'm almost dead with fright—
And while I am all right and tight
I'll say good afternoon. [Exit.]

Under the influence of Freedom's power the Imps and general parapharnalia of Tyranny disappear, the scene dissolves, and becomes

SCENE II.—THE PIXIES' HOME.

Fairies assemble to Music.

FREEDOM. I have appointed, friends, to meet this day,
Chiefly because I something have to say—
But I've another reason, which 'tis clear
I ought to give at once.

FARIES. Hear! hear!

CRYSTALLINE. [Rising] Hear! hear!

FREEDOM. Hear! hear! Yes, here earlier you should have been.

CRYSTALLINE. You'd not say so if knowing what I'd seen.

FREEDOM. Give an account of it, this moment pray begin it.

CRYSTALLINE. "I put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,"
And saw at once those varied sights and sounds
In which our poor distracted globe abounds:
I saw a nation struggling to be free—
Crushed by a tyrant's vile autocracy—
And heard the wail of hopelessness that rose
From fated Poland. Then flying closer West,
Where fire and smoke my breath and sight opprest,
I looked for peace, and steered again due East—
Towards England!—There, thought I, at least,
The happy people's freedom sweetens toil,
And independence frees from foreign broil.
But hark! again I hear a wail—a funeral dirge—

Which seemed to fill the air—rebound and surge—
And rise and fall again.
Alas! what sounds aërial billows ride—
'Tis brave men mourn the loss of bravest Clyde!
Oh! plant the laurel and the cypress tree,
For 'twill be long ere we his equal see:
Tho' danger, poverty, neglect his lot,
He fought, he suffered, and he died a Scot!
But, now I'm here, what want you, mighty dame?

FREEDOM. On second thought, the plan myself will work,
'Twill please me much his Giantship to burk.
Away! But ere you go to do each what you've got to,
With song and dance fill our Enchanted Grotto!

AIR—"Hop light Loo."

FREEDOM. Come show your tootsey pootseys, dears,
Ere bidding your ta-tas—
Wise children be, and let folks see
How well you know your pas.
Never mind the odds, my girls,
But happy be, and light,
And if you please the little folks,
They'll come another night.
Then hop light, do,
And show your pretty feet,
For you're the very girls
At Christmas-time we like to meet. [Chorus.]

Grand Ballet—(Arranged by Miss Meriton).

SCENE III.—INTERIOR OF DAME DURDEN'S COTTAGE.

Music—Bell rings—all the Serving-men enter lazily, then the Maids—Jack steals Humphrey's flail, and wakes them up with it.

CHORUS—"Dame Durden."

[Jack and Kitty toy with each other—lively Music—Dorothy objects—she draws Jack's attention to the Serving-men, who are sleeping—he takes the flail and strikes them all round—they awake, and pitch into each other, each imagining that the other struck them—Humphrey, who gets the hardest, is looking about, sees Jack, and doses him with the flail—Jack hits at Humphrey, misses him, when Dame Durden enters and gets the blow, which knocks her down—Jack has gone off—he returns, and picks his mother up out of the milk-pail, into which she had fallen.]

JACK. What! Granny on the ground? How came ye so? good lack!

DAME. Oh! me. I'm ruined! Oh! ah! Oh my poor back! [*Screams*] And not a single whole egg here, sure there aint?
Your poor old *parent* can't *pay rent* 'tis now *appa-rent*.
What's to be done with these?—I can't shell out—

Smashed yolks you can't *eggs*-actly hawk about.
You dreadful boy, each day in crime you harden—

[Jack sings and dances.]

Is this what you call doing-up the garden?
Oh Jack! oh Jack! you really are a bother;
You know 'tis wrong to disobey your mother;
You will continue in your wicked way
Till a bad name you get some day:

JACK. See down her nose the briny tears do trickle.
DAME. Oh Jack! oh Jack! you are an awful pickle.
Your mammy's worth you'll not know till you've lost her.
JACK. Cue for music—Strike up! Mr Foster.

AIR—"Mother, give your Boy a Kiss."

JACK. I'm sorry, Mammy—wipe your eyes—don't roar;
I will be good—won't do so any more.
DAME. Should Bailiffs come?
JACK. No need there is to fret—
I'll punch their heads. We may be happy yet.
DAME. Happy! You happy? It appears to me
This female farmer, wealthy farmerly,
Has come to grief tremendously, I vow.
I've sold my donkey, chickens, and my cow;
There's nothing left this poor old done-up Dame.
JACK. Never give up! Fall fighting and die game.
I'll see the hunks and try my soft persuasion
To soothe your fears, and stay this sad invasion—
Ask *why need he coolly* sell each pan and pot.
DAME. Why *need he coolly*?—You're *an idiot*!
You scamp, 'tis all your fault!
JACK. Oh, Mother!
DAME. Bother! I won't be cuddled; and I'm not your mother!
JACK. Now come, old lady.
DAME. Old!
JACK. There, don't repine.
I think old women always like old wine;
And yet tho' years are ever on them creeping,
I think the good ones still are better for the keeping—
Tho' old in head, they're young you know in heart
And in distress oft play an angel's part.
Come, come; cheer up, then, and your feelings calm.

[Bailiff looks through window.]

BAILIFF. Ha! I'm looking what you're up to ma'am.

[He comes in at the door.]

Good morning dame.
JACK. Good morning. How d'ye do?
DAME. What d'ye want, my friends?
BAILIFF. My wants are few.
DAME. It's my *bay*-lief, they're bailiffs,
JACK. There! don't fear 'em,
Keep up your pecker, mammy.

BAILIFF. Only hear 'em.
Come, none o' this, don't you resist the laws,
Or I'll lay my hands on you, sir.
JACK. Horrid paws!
This hurley burley make, sirs, any more,
I'll hurl ye burly bailiffs from the door.
BAILIFF. Resist the laws? Why stand ye thus a bogglin?
Call the police out. Where's Inspector Coglin?
For this high spirit you can't have a license.
JACK. That is a *lie, since* spoken, sirs, in my sense.

[Lively music. Jack and Bailiffs fight. One gets the old lady to turn her out. Jack having spilled them, draws Dame back—the others rise and join the struggle—Cock and calf come on and bite them—men and maids come—general melee. The Bailiff's party are all cleared off. Humphrey stands laughing, when Calf gets between his legs and throws him over, who is in turn pecked off by the cock, who crows and exits.]

SCENE IV.—JACK'S CABBAGE GARDEN.

Music. Villagers discovered tossing Bailiff in a blanket, after which he is dropped and chased off. One of the Bailiffs sneaks off—is discovered just in time to come to grief. Cock pecks the rest of the Bailiff's party off; he crows, and exits.

Jack, Dame, and Calf return.

JACK. [*Laughing.*] Oh! Dame.
DAME. Oh Jack! this is a sad affair,
They'll sure return to take you.
JACK. If they dare.
DAME. There's but one plan—the money now to pay,
I'll sell the calf, the butcher comes to-day.
JACK. The prospect, certainly, a hope *reveals.*
DAME. The butcher's coming.
JACK. Yes, see where he steels.
DAME. I'll go and find out colley. [Dame exits.]
JACK. Butcher, Hi!
BUTCHER. [*The Demon Tyranny disguised. Speaking as he enters.*]
Beef, pork, mutton, will you buy, buy, buy,
Beef, pork, mutton, will you buy,
Come buy.
JACK. No. We another story tell.
BUTCHER. What, is it not a buy?
JACK. No, it's a sell.
BUTCHER. He'd sell the calf, this is the youth I'd punish.
I'll sell 'em both. Well, boy, here's the monish. [*Taking out bag.*]
JACK. You're careful.
BUTCHER. Yes, I know the way to thrive.
JACK. [*Looking in bag.*] Beans!
BUTCHER. I know how many beans make five;
Each one of these to you a fortune is.

JACK. What?—no!
BUTCHER. Yes! a large fortune!
JACK. You don't say so.
I wish these beans were mine. Why laugh?
BUTCHER. A bargain! here—a fortune for a calf?

AIR.—"For a few days."

JACK. A fortune great and a high estate,
BUTCHER. Come don't debate,
Won't you take it?
JACK. Poor Colley's fate,
BUTCHER. I can't long wait,
JACK. Absquatulate! here make it!

[*Take sbeans and gives calf by halter.*]

Both. Oh! my heart is palpitating, palpitating,
To think I've such a jolly bargain made.

[Dance, with solos for Butcher, Jack, Calf, and Cock. Butcher and Calf dance off.]

Dame enters.

DAME. I cannot find my beautiful, my own;
My calf is, see Jack, capering down the loan;
Run after him, and when you catch, boy, hold him.
JACK. Granny, I can't do that.
DAME. Why not?
JACK. I've sold him.
DAME. That's right, good boy; and now the money please;
What did you get for him?
JACK. Look these!
DAME. What do I see? what 's this the stupid means?
Only a handful of these paltry beans.

[Knocks them out of his hand.]

Oh drat the lad; again I'm diddled quite,
You good-for-nothing villain, quit my sight.

[Music—Jack appeals to her—she turns him away and goes into house—he follows. Music changes. Fairy Freedom enters. It becomes night—the moon partially rises.]

FREEDOM. Come, tricksey pixies, from each bush and briar,
Ere morning light compels you to retire.
Ye hov'ring round—by mortal eye unseen,
Who've ever watchful o'er their actions been—
Appear, whilst I assist your work below,
Appear and make the magic bean stalk grow.

[Music. The little Elves who appear from different quarters begin to water, then ploughing, then harrowing, digging, manuring. Barrows running about, &c.]

FREEDOM. Your work completed, now away, away!
I hear a mortal footstep come this way.

[Music dies away—Jack enters looking about—Jack's Song, and Chorus of Fairies, during which the bean has been growing.]

AIR—"The Merry Greenwood."

How sweet 'tis to feel the evening's breeze,
When the silver moon is shining,
But it strikes me my conduct ain't the cheese,
When I ought to be reclining.

[Fairies sing outside] AIR—"The Mermaidens' Song."

Boldly venture, brave youth, for on high
A fairy bright watches thy steps towards the sky.

JACK.

These voices near sound on my ear,
A warning seem to give,
Boldly I'll go and the reason I'll know
Why they are vociferated.

JACK. I wonder where that other bean has gone,
I've been and done it, I must own.
Hollo! my stars and garters, what's that growing?
A ladder—where that leads to I'd be knowing.

SCENE V.—GIANT'S BEDROOM.

Giant discovered sleeping Black hen sitting upon stage. Cradle with Giant's baby in it. At end of music baby snores—Crash, as Jack pops his head up thro' stage.

JACK. What place is this? on such a scale gigantic.
There is the summit [*snore*] summit's up romantic.

[Snore repeated—sneeze from Giant—Jack falls back into cradle—Giant goes to sleep again—A row heard in the cradle—Baby squeals—Jack is knocked out of cradle—Baby gets up.]

BABY. Papa! Papa! My bread and butter, something sweet. Ah! Oh! I'm sure I smell fresh meat.

[Baby sees Jack, goes towards him, they fight—Jack runs Baby through the body with fork, and kills him, drags him off stage. Music. Jack is backing off stage as the Fairy Freedom comes on.

SONG—"Farewell." (Music by Mr W. M. Foster).

FREEDOM. List! list! brave youth, beneath a mighty spell
A pixy fay yon monster doth compel,
Till freed by one whose virtue firm and fast,
Resists all guile, and faithful to the last,
Is generous, brave, and true.
Oh! then be firm, nor pause,
And powers above you
Will aid and love you.
Oh! set me free and I'll reward thy pains.
Bold thou must be, and strive with might and main,
Till, when thy sword be waving o'er his head,
Thine enemy and mine be surely dead.
Farewell! farewell! be bold,
And powers above you
Will aid and love you.

FREEDOM *(Speaks)*. Beneath yon hen lie eggs of power,
Which broken, aid you in danger's hour;

Break one of them, whatever wish you lack,
As sure as eggs are eggs, you'll have it in a crack.
And all I ask my guerdon to repay,
Is that you'll free me and the Giant slay.
Away, he wakes, be brave, you'll overcome
The Giant.

GIANT Hollo! fe, fo, fum!

[Music. Jack disturbs the hen, she objects, he obtains and pockets eggs. During this the giant opens his eyes, sees Jack, growls, and Jack bolts.]

SCENE VI.—EXTERIOR OF JACK'S COTTAGE.

[Jack descends the beanstalk, cuts it down with an axe, which he brings from cottage door. Giant falls.]

SCENE VII.—A DESOLATE HEATH.

Jack enters exultingly.

JACK. My bosoms lord sits lightly on his throne,
I'm much more easy, now the Giant's gone.
Down his vile throat my hatchet I have crammed,
Saying, as he strove to catch me, you be——smothered.
These magic eggs, I've but to wish, and I
Might be a King, a Prince, and wed !—oh my !
And yet what good a Princess e'en to wed,
Unless by love she's to the altar led.

SONG—Air, "Days of Spring." (Music by W. M. Foster.)

O tell me where thou art, my love,
I seek, but cannot see ;
I weary for the night, my love,
Which brings thee unto me.
I see thee in my dreams, my love,
But thou art like a star;
I cannot come to thee, my love,
Thou shinest from afar.
I would the day were near, my love,
When we no more should part;
And I should welcome thee, my love,
And fold thee to my heart!

JACK. The fairies promise, yes, I'll venture on,
Nor pause until the happy goal be won.
So to try my hand at magic sport :
I'd be a Prince, and in a foreign court. [Sinks down trap.]

SCENE VIII.—GRAND PALACE OF KING KOKALORUM.

[Grand entree of all the Court:—Guards, Beefeaters, Pages, Lords and Ladies, Heralds, Huntsmen. Jack enters splendidly dressed. Demon Tyranny enters disguised as Count Catawampous. King seats himself, showing signs of being slightly elevated.]

All. Hail! Kokalurum ! hip ! hip ! hip ! hoo—

KING. Stay !

Do not *imbrue* yourselves with *hail* or yet hooray !
We don't desire these *noisy* demonstration.

1st Lord. If it *annoys* ye,
King. Drop it! Keep your station.
Our *regal* rights all *regalar* we'll maintain.
1st Lord. He wants no *hail,* his is a *falling reign.*
King. Most loyal subjects, this profound good will,
Does with great gratitude our bosom fill.
A people's blessing is a monarch's wealth,
Cupbearer! here! my people, jolly good health!
So! that will do. Come back—we'll try another.
The Ladies! [*Ladies all shout.*] Gents all! [*Gentlemen all shout.*]
The Queen Mother!
Hum! Now to business—'twill be long.
So first we'll tip a s'ave,—that's sing a song.

Song—Air "Happy Land of Canaan."

King. I would have you understand
I'm the King of this Island, and
A potentate of some consideration.
Since you seek my daughter's hand,
[*Aside.*] I had better do the grand. And
Keep dark her continual irritation.
[*Aloud.*] Ho! my Lords, don't you hear me now,
Produce the Princess Prettypet this moment.
[*Aside.*] If she wont come, make no row
But just to her orders bow,
And inform the gents just now
That she at home aint.
There, toddle, that's your sort;
Gents, you're welcome to the court
Of Kokalorum, King of this here Island.
[*All chorus.*] Oh! my boys, don't you hear him now;
Produce the Princess Prettypet this moment,
Crikey, wont there be a row.
King. Hallo! varlets, what? how now?
[*All chorus.*] She's the pride of Kokalorum's happy Island.

[King bows from his throne.]

King. Thanks, loyal friends, we do not wish to bore,
But surely, yes, some one cried encore.
1st Lord. Eh?
2nd Lord. What?
3rd Lord. Who?
4th Lord. You?
5th Lord. No!
6th Lord. Oh!
1st Lord. [*Advancing to King.*] Sire! Entre nous;
I don't think they quite wish it.
King. Who asked you?
Herald. [Advances, and gives two stamps with his foot to draw attention.]
King. Is that the mail? [All laugh.]
Silence! I meant no pun,
If you're the mail, you're the son of a Gunn.
1st Lord. No, sire, the Herald. [All laugh loud.]

KING. Eh! who spoke?
Herald, Mail—Ah! very good joke.
Herald, proceed.
1st LORD. [*To Herald*] Be cautious what you say,
Or you'll offend him when he's in this way.
KING. When you've transacted all you have to do,
My lud, we'll take that herald after you.
[Looks Lord down, who retires.]
Ladies and Gents! ere yet proceeding further,
We'd beg to intimate——
VOICE. Help! murder!
KING. What is the cause of this vociferation?
Upsetting thus our grave deliberation. [*Pause.*]
Once more, Lords, ere your joys you do increase,
Might I suggest a slight——
VOICE. Police!
[Music—Enter Lord followed by Princess who paces about—General excitement.]
PRINCESS. D'ye call this dressing? now was ever seen
A robe like this, so short of crinoline,
These jewels too, which I so oft have worn,
They are not fit a Princess to adorn.
KING. It matters not how pretty girls are dressed,
Beauty, when unadorned——
PRINCESS. I know the rest.
KING. My pet, this temper keep it, do.
PRINCESS. [*To Duenna*] You Chit!
KING. I rather ought to say these *tempers fugit*. [Aside.[
PRINCESS. Who are these fellows, let me understand.
DEMON. } Fellows!
JACK. }
KING. [*Soothes them*] They come to pop it, poppet, for your hand,
[*To Demon*] Trot out, sustain your pecker, never fear this fuss.
[*Introduces them*] Count Catawampous of Slogdologous,
His figure's good, and his estate delightful,
What think you, love, of his appearance?
PRINCESS. Frightful!
Of his appearance all I say is, ghastly,
But I should like his disappearance vastly.
DEMON. I've only one remark to make—'tis plain
'Twas ever thus from—
PRINCESS. Shut up.
DEMON. Sold again!
KING. [*Introducing Jack*] Prince Caradoc, will he do? Eh! what think you?
My lud! my daughter! daughter, lud!
PRINCESS. Oh, kinkey!

SONG—Air "Barber's Daughter."

KING. Oh! yes he is so pretty,
And it would be such a pity
For to let him leave the city
He's so fair, d'ye see.

I think I can't say no
To such a little beau,
'Twere a pity for the city
To say no, you know.

PRINCESS. I do think, if you
Love me as I love you,
No knife there yet exists to cut
Our loves in two!

KING. For he's such a pretty feller

PRINCESS. And I am no story-teller, if it wouldn't be quite barbarous, refuse him too.

[Jack and the Princess go up stage].

DEMON. Oh! this won't do, my rival thus successful,
I must harangue the mob, it's quite disgraceful.
My lords and ladies—stay, an egg I'll break
And then their verdicts on the subjects take—
Lords and ladies, you wouldn't come to go
And vote him as her husband, eh! [Breaks egg].

ALL. Eh! no! no!

PRINCESS. You must!

ALL. We do!

DEMON. You couldn't!

ALL. No, we can't!

JACK. You shall!

ALL. We will!

DEMON. You shall not!

ALL. No, we shant!

KING. [*Who is getting bothered*] This nonsense cease, what means this contradiction?
[*Joins Demon and Duenna*] Bless you, my children, there's my benediction!

DEMON. Great Kokalorum thanks, what fiddle-de-de.
This hag-ha-go away [*Breaks egg*] love me.

PRINCESS. I do.

JACK. No don't.

PRINCESS. I don't.

JACK. Love me.

PRINCESS. I'm nothing loth.

[Demon and Jack both break an egg at the same time.]

[*Both.*] Love me.

PRINCESS. Good gracious! Now I love you both!
Was ever Princess placed in such a fix?
What can it mean, I'm sure you're playing tricks.
I saw you throw an egg upon the floor,
And you another, have you any more?
If by their magic I love him and thee,
Oh break another pray, and set me free.
Why do you pause? To him I'll give my hand
Who first shall freely do what I command.

JACK. [*Looking at his egg.*] My last!

DEMON. I have but one.

PRINCESS. Oh, free me pray.

JACK. I'll trust to the fairy—Here goes. [*Looks at Demon.*]
DEMON. Fake away.
KING. And now, friends, as the evening advances,
Permit me, please, the latest thing in dances.
[*Grand Pas de Pouncet, Box and Pocket Handkerchief*, by the Corps de Ballet.]
[At the end of the Dance, frightened Lord rushes in.]
F. LORD. Thou loon ! thou spoon ! thou moonstruck coon !
F. LORD. My story hear, you'll find it, sire, a true'n:
A giant's stalking onward through the land,
A nobbling everything that comes to hand.
This way he speeds, my friends yourselves take care of,
You'll find 'tis true—the monster isn't far off. [Retires.]
KING. Saddle our steam-rams—bid Laird prepare two more—
Tell Jack Russell he's a little bore ;
Tell him, this time we'll have on him no mercy,
But rather t'other Mersey—vicey versey.
But if your foe you'd deal with in the worst,
Sell him some Armstrong guns—they're sure to burst.

SONG—Air, "Bonnie Dundee."

To the forest, each rascal, then speedily run,
Ere the giant gets here, put a stop to his fun;
Let a brace of fat beef-eaters fall in his way,
Or soon you'll discover the devil to pay.

Cut your stick ! and an end to the Ogre let's see;
Why you all seem afraid of him—fiddle-de-dee.
Meet, and beat him, and treat him to 1, 2, and 3,
Tho' I don't see the fun of his swallowing me.

Fairy Freedom enters, and changes the Scene to

SCENE VIII.—FRONT OF GIANT'S CASTLE.

FREEDOM. The Giant, by the aid of seven-leagued boots,
Has reached his lair and we have followed suit;
But to o'ercome him and your Princess save,
I'll be your friend—I ever aid the brave—
And here an army ready to your hand,
Little, but very good, yours to command.

[Grand Review of the Fairy Army of Pigmy Zouaves.]

[Business—Castle is stormed—Princess is released—Jack embraces Princess—Demon and attendant Imps enter and carry them off—Shouts—Giant's head rolls across the stage followed by the little army—then the Demon with the Princess in custody]

TRIO—Air, "Carry me back."

JACK. Then carry us back, you stupid ninny,
Yes, back to earth once more;
PRINCESS. Oh carry us back, or I'll bet a guinea,
DEMON. Be dumb, I'll hear no more.
Away with them both to their prison cells,
And let my will be done;

So away with 'em crack, for they won't come back
From my little dungeun.

JACK. Oh! this is a dreadful ease of sell,
We're swindled and undone.

PRINCESS. Come, carry us back, you ugly black,
From this horrible dungeun.

[Fairy enters].

FAIRY. Pray, cease this strife, I've come to set all right.
Jack, I'm your slave, and guard your future life,
Free from my thrall to join my pixy sisters,
I now can aid you.

DEMON. Thunderbolts and blisters!
Am I betrayed?

FAIRY. You are, good sir, by me.

DEMON. Seize and secure them.

[Giant's head rolls on with nose broken, eyes black, &c.]

GIANT. Yes, for they've murdered me.

FAIRY. Pshaw!
Without your head you know you're dead in law!
Your strife now over, I must peace proclaim,
And Jack for twelve months leave to gather fame;
But I, the while, am watching over you,
To see that you to honesty are true,
Faithful in love, in friendship, and in truth;
You'll little have to wish for, valiant youth;
Blest with a Queen whose great and peaceful reign,
Shall Britain's commeree and her laws maintain.
Throned in each heart securely, she beholds
Red anarchy in other lands unfold
Her baneful banners, while this happy land—
Rejoicing in a great and loyal band
Of gallant Englishmen as volunteers—
Securely guarded, free from panic's fears,
Aided by merchant princes, none shall see
A realm more powerful, wealthy, safe, and free.

FREEDOM CHANGES THE SCENE TO HER

Fairy Haunt in Pixy Dingle, beneath the Enchanted Waterfall.

Transformation of Characters.

CLOWN, . . .	HERR NICOLO DEULIN.
HARLEQUIN, . . .	MR HASBERRY HOWARD
COLUMBINES, .	MISS ANNIE MERITON & MISS FANNY BROWN
PANTALOON, . . .	MR P. DEULIN.
SPRITE, . . .	MR E. DEULIN.